

Earl Bothwell (Child 174)

- 1 WOE worth thee, woe worth thee, false Scottlande!
 Ffor thou hast euer wrought by a sleight;
For the worthyest prince *that* euer was borne,
 You hanged vnder a cloud by night.

- 2 The Queene of France a letter wrote,
 And sealed itt *wth* hart and ringe,
And bade him come Scotland *wthin*,
 And shee wold marry him and crowne him *king*.

- 3 To be a *king*, itt is a pleasant thing,
 To bee a prince vnto a peere;
But you haue heard, and so haue I too,
 A man may well by gold to deere.

- 4 There was an Italyan in that place,
 Was as wel beloued as euer was hee;
Lord David was his name,
 Chamberlaine vnto the queene was hee.

- 5 Ffor if the king had risen forth of his place,
 He wold haue sitt him downe in the cheare,
And tho itt beseemed him not soe well,
 Altho the king had beene present there.

- 6 Some lords in Scotland waxed wonderous wroth,
 And quarrelld with him for the nonce;
I shall you tell how itt beffell,
 Twelue daggers were in him all att once.

- 7 When this queene see the chamberlaine was slaine,
For him her cheeks shee did weete,
And made a vow for a twelue month and a day
The *king* and shee wold not come in one sheete.
- 8 Then some of the *lords* of Scotland waxed wrothe,
And made their vow vehementlye,
'For death of the queenes chamberlaine
The *king* himselfe he shall dye.'
- 9 They strowed his chamber ouer with gunpowder,
And layd greene rushes in his way;
Ffor the traitors thought *that* night
The worthy king for to betray.
- 10 To bedd the worthy *king* made him bowne,
To take his rest, *that* was his desire;
He was no sooner cast on sleepe,
But his chamber was on a blasing fyer.
- 11 Vp he lope, and a glasse window broke,
He had thirty foote for to fall;
Lord Bodwell kept a priuy wach
Vnderneath his castle-wall:
'Who haue wee heere?' sayd *Lord* Bodwell;
'Answer me, now I doe call.'
- 12 '*King* Henery the Eighth my vnckle was;
Some pittie show for his sweet sake!
Ah, *Lord* Bodwell, I know thee well;
Some pittie on me I pray thee take!'
- 13 'I 'le pittie thee as much,' he sayd,

‘And as much favor I ’le show to thee
As thou had on the queene’s chamberlaine
That day thou deemedst him to dye.’

14 Through halls and towers this *king* they ledd,
Through castles and towers *that* were hye,
Through an arbor into an orchard,
And there hanged him in a peare tree.

15 When the gouernor of Scotland he heard tell
That the worthy king he was slaine,
He hath banished the queene soe bitterlye
That in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

16 But shee is fled into merry England,
And Scotland to a side hath laine,
And through the Queene of Englands good grace
Now in England shee doth remaine.